OUR SERIAL.

SINGIN'.

When the dawn is stealing softly o'er the
prairies wide and lone,
And the silver dews lie heavy where the
paths are overgrown,
When the birds that throng the thickets
wake to chant their matin songs,
As I walk out in the freshness I forget
that life has wrongs,
And I find myself a singin', in a sort of
humble way,
Gentle tunes that somehow mingle with
the pure and holy day,
And I go about my farmin' and I scarce-
ly have a care,
Or an envy, for the rich folks in the
whole world anywhere.

It's the same way in my sorrow—I go
down across the field—
Lo, I see the blessed Master in the prom-
ise of fine yield,
Lush winds soothe my angry murmurs,
sunshine lights my gloomy heart,
And the protests, black and bitter, from
my bosom soon depart,
In the far blue sky above me dark-
winged swallows dip and soar,
Then I feel the day's deep gladness as it
wraps me more and more,
And without a thought of sinning my
soul breaks into a song,
And my work grows somehow sacred as
I slowly plod along.

Why, at eventide in autumn, when the
loaded wain comes near,
With the red and golden apples so
prophetic of good cheer,
Standin' at the barn door waitin', so's
to help the boys unload,
Growin' old and sometimes dreamin' of
my heavenly abode,
Find myself a hummin' snatches of the
hymns we used to sing
Way back yonder when dear mother told
us of our Lord and King;
And it makes me feel so joyous I grow
young and strong again,
Till I work just like I used to when I
had no ache or pain.

Ah, this world's the place for singin', you
may say just what you please
Song makes every trouble lighter, soothes
and rests you by degrees,
And with love for all your neighbors and
forgiveness for your foes,
You can feel the breeze that ever from
the plain celestial flows,
Days pass by like drippin' honey, and
the nights like coolin' brooks,
And you know that God is lovin' by the
way His green world looks,
And then liftin' up your spirit you can
breathe a heartfelt prayer,
That the toilers in His vineyards may
be happy everywhere.
—Charles W. Stevenson, in Springfield
(Mass.) Republican.

Little France

A ROMANCE OF THE DAYS WHEN "THE GREAT LORD HAWKE" WAS KING OF THE SEA

BY

CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Author of "Commodore Paul Jones," "Reuben James," "For the Freedom of the Sea," etc.

CHAPTER XXXI.—CONTINUED.

As the morning wore on communication was had with Le Formidable and from her news of Grafton's safety secured. Hawke himself carried the news to the devoted woman, who revived so much on receipt of the tidings that she insisted upon going aboard the captured ship at once. By the admiral's direction his own barge, which had been uninjured in the battle, was called away and placed at her disposal. Hatfield accompanied her.

"Tell him from me," said Hawke, as he bade her good-bye at the gangway, "that he did magnificently. I marked his course, I saw his fighting. England shall hear of it. Tell him, too, not to worry over the loss of his ship. It was a thing that might have happened to any one. I am thankful we got off so easily." He stopped and looked gravely yet kindly at her, laying his hand on her head—she seemed to remind him of his own daughter. "Tell him, also, that the best share of the victory and the greatest prize has fallen to him since he has you. They tell me he is desperately wounded and unconscious, but you will revive him and bring him to life if anything can. Don't give way. He needs you now. I don't wonder he fought as he did! 'Twas not for England only, but for his wife as well—and such a wife! You must bring him back to the Royal George when you can, and come back yourself if you stay with him——"

"I shall never leave him again, monsieur," she murmured. "Whom have I now but him? I thank you; you have been good to me. I shall not forget it."

She seized his hand, and before he could withdraw it, much to his embarrassment she carried it to her lips and was gone.

CHAPTER XXXII.

FROM DEATH UNTO LIFE.

SINCE early morning the surgeons from the English ships had been working with the wounded on Le Formidable, and details of seamen had been working over the ship herself as well, so that, while she was still a picture of ruin and devastation, she was in a very much better condition than she had been. Most of the severely wounded had died in the interim, and their bodies had been cast overboard with as much reverence as the demands of the living and their pressing necessities admitted, which was not much. Those who yet remained alive were fast becoming amenable to the treatment, but the ship itself was a sufficiently ghastly place, in spite of all that had been done for her and for her crew, to have appalled the stoutest heart.

Philip's wife, however, saw nothing of this. There was nothing before her heart but her husband and his welfare. She knew nothing, saw nothing, thought of nothing but him. She had long since passed beyond the normal capacity of humanity to experience suffering—save in so far as he was concerned. Nothing else made any appeal to her deadened sensibilities. She had still strength to get to his side; after that——

She sat in the boat, as it made its way toward Le Formidable, with her eyes closed, her lips murmuring prayers. And though her eyes were opened on the ship, it made little difference to her. She stood on the wreck as one blind. Hatfield helped her tenderly over the side, and with a word of explanation to the prize-master took her immediately below to the great cabin.

They had given Grafton the room that had belonged to the brave Admiral du Verger, now peacefully sleeping beneath the waves on the scene of his heroic defence.

As they approached the door Anne could hear her husband's voice. He was alive, then, thank God! Hatfield pushed open the door and she entered. At the head of the berth on a low stool sat a grim old sailor, his face buried in his hands. He lifted his head as they entered, rose to his feet, and stared at her.

"Who be you, ma'm?" he asked.

"I am his wife," she answered, pushing past him toward the berth.

There was her husband. He was white, haggard, and broken. He looked utterly exhausted—dying. The fever which had possessed him had reduced him to the last extremity. His eyes were closed; he was muttering to himself. She bent her head to listen. How the scene in the old house in Quebec came back to her as she saw him lying helpless before her thus again!

"My ship!" he murmured. "My ship! She strikes! Ha! She's going down! Le Thesee! My God, my wife—my wife—have mercy on me! My ship—my wife—pity, O God, my wife—my wife——"

"He's been sayin' them words for three days. 'Tis his wife an' the ship all the time," whispered the old sailor to Hatfield.

Anne stared at Grafton in strained silence. He did not know her. Would he ever do so? She thought, if he did not recover consciousness, if he did not cease that unwearying murmur of ship and wife, she would die there before him. She was petrified, appalled, shocked by the cumulative events of the week—tried beyond endurance. She stared longer, growing whiter as she did. Was she dying, too? Well, what mattered it? They would go together. Hatfield saw her sway, and not with the motion of the ship. He sprang to her side and caught her by the shoulder. Old Slocum took her by the hands.

"Ma'am," he said in his rude way, tears filling his eys, "I knowed him w'en he was a babby. I sailed with his father. Pull yourself together an' speak to him. If you don't call him back again he's gone. The doctor says he can't do nuthin' more fer him. Speak to him, fer God's sake, ma'am!"

Anne roused herself with a last desperate effort—summoned the vestiges of her resolution once more, and, as she thought, for the last time—stepped nearer to Grafton, laid her hand upon his brow, and bent her lips low toward him.

"Philip!" she whispered. "Philip, O Philip! My husband!"

He heard the unfamiliar sound. His babbling ceased. He opened his

"IS IT THOU?"

eyes and lay strangely still, looking at her.

"Little France," he whispered, "is it thou?"

"I, indeed, Philip!" cried the girl.

"My wife!" he murmured.

"Yes, yes, now and forever! O Philip, Philip, I called to God out of the deep and He heard me! We will never be parted."

"You have called me back to life," he murmured.

She laid her head upon his breast, as she had done many times before in Canada. He closed his eyes. Had he fainted? But, no, she felt the pressure of his hand. He would recover now. It needed no other skill than that supplied by her loving heart to assure her of that. He had grown strangely calm in her presence. Her own strength came back to her before his weakness. She seemed to lift him up to life and love again. The silence in the cabin was broken only by the sound of the waves rushing along the side, the creaking and groaning of the timbers from the uneasy pitching of the ship.

Hatfield beckoned old Slocum, and the two men slipped noiselessly out.

"I guess he don't want me no more, sir," said the old sailor, sadly, as he stepped out of the cabin, "an' I took keer on him w'en he was a babby."

"And I lost my ship, darling," whispered Philip at last, all the sorrow of a sailor and a captain in his voice.

"Yes, but the admiral said you had done nobly and you were not to mind. He would see."

"Ah, he is a kindly man!"

"He was kind to me, too. And I am grateful."

"And I, too."

"Philip, do you know that I am alone now but for you?" continued the girl, sadly. "Grandfather, friends, country, all seem to have gone down in that terrible ship."

"'Twas not my ship that sunk her, dear," protested her husband. "God's hand dealt the blow. He saved you. He brought us together again. I shall be all things to you by His help. I promise Him, I promise you."

"And I believe you and trust you. I always believed you—and trusted you, even as a child, my Philip."

"And you will do so still?"

"To the very end."

"That picture, Anne, darling," whispered Grafton at last, "that you gave me, 'twas broken by the blow that struck me down."

"Let it be!" cried the girl. "You have me now, is not that enough?"

"And that slipper," he murmured, "that I took from your room in the tower——"

"Did you take it?" she cried, faintly smiling through her tears. "I missed it and wondered."

"'Tis gone, too," he said, "lost with the Torbay."

"Philip," she said, suddenly, "that other locket? Ah, you wear it still!" she added, lifting the chain with her hand.

In spite of herself her eyes looked the desire she did not express.

"There can be no secret between us now, sweet Anne," said Grafton. "Open it."

She drew back. His willingness was all she wished.

"Nay, I trust you in all. I have you. You are mine. No pictured woman may rise to claim you now."

"None ever will, dear," he answered. "But open it. I desire it. The dead general would wish it, too, could he but know you."

With eager hands she drew the little golden locket from its weather-stained leather case. She pressed the spring and opened it. The miniature of a beautiful young woman looked up at her. As she gazed at it a moment her eyes filled with tears. She could not help but be very jealous.

"She is very beautiful," she murmured, pitifully, looking from the portrait at her husband.

"Is she?" he said, faintly. "I never saw her."

"Never saw her!"

"No, she was the betrothed of Gen. Wolfe. He gave me the locket the night before the battle of Quebec, and bade me place it in her hands when I returned to England, with all the love of his heart, and he told me to tell no one; but now you—well, we will take it to her together."

"Yes, yes—poor maiden! Ah, Philip, Sir Philip, how well you English know how to love a woman!"

"A man would be a poor fellow, indeed, Anne," he answered, "whom you could not teach to do that."

L'ENVOI.

FAREWELL!

NEARLY two years have fled away. It is a new scene in a new land. Under a grove of mighty trees, the forest primeval, indeed, on the brow of a hill, a gray old manor-house stands upon a grassy lawn stretching down to the shining waters of the broad Potomac. On the edge of the bluff, looking far over the river, is a little pleasure-house. It is late spring in the Old Dominion.

Philip and Anne Grafton for some time past have been established in the ancestral home of the family from which her mother sprang, which had descended to her shortly before. Though he had given up active service in the English navy, out of deference to his wife's feelings, who would not see him war against her countrymen, and who could not bear to think of him on that sea which had taken her grandfather and father as well, Grafton had retired with the sanction and approval of the king. His beautiful wife and her story had won the kind heart of queer little George II., and, while loath to lose so good an officer, he had at last said "yes" to all her pleadings for her husband. She had suffered enough and she was entitled to consideration.

From a tall masthead, erected on the sloping lawn, every day flutters a small blue flag, which is especially under the care of a certain ancient mariner of aspect curious and language quaint, who rolls along the walks and drives of the Virginia plantation as if he were still on the heaving deck of a ship. He answers to the name of Jabez Slocum, and is full of strange tales of distant lands and teeming seas. The children of the vicinity love him.

Philip's neighbors, in common with this old man, call him "Admiral Grafton." He is, in fact, a rear admiral of the blue, and the flag is that of his rank.

In the little summer-house there are two women. The difference between them is as marked, thinks Philip, as he observes them, himself unseen, from the porch of the house above, as when he first saw them in the old Chateau de Josselin in Brittany in France. There is but one doll between them now. It is not Toto, nor any of the demoiselles de Paris. This one has blue eyes like his father and mother, and the midnight hair of Anne has been lightened into a curly brown that speaks of Philip. Josette, who had been brought from France after the battle, kneels at her mistress' feet in adoration. From where Grafton stands he can see the downy head of his young son nestling against the fair white bosom of his mother. Young Philip de Rohan Grafton is hungry—but he will not be so long!

The two women break into the words of a familiar song. The man watches and listens. There is a step behind him. He turns and finds himself face to face with old Jean-Renaud.

"They sing yonder. Do you hear?" asked Grafton.

"Yes, monsieur," answered the old man smiling.

"Do you know what it is they sing?"

Philip knows it well, he has heard it often; but still he asks the question, thinking the while of the morning he first heard it from the children at the foot of the tower when he asked Jean-Renaud about it long ago.

"Yes, Monsieur l'Amiral. 'Tis a Breton cradle-song with which the mothers put their babies to sleep."

The two men look and listen. The two women sing on. The baby sleeps. There is peace in the land.

[THE END.]

DEFEAT BUT NOT DISHONOR

Comes Often to Those Who Are Accustomed to Getting the Worst of It.

There is an eastern proverb to the effect that some people "beckon misfortune with both hands." It is equally true that many people have a lion's share of misfortune because they choose rather to suffer than inflict it. The New York Tribune gives a bit of philosophy from the lips of "Cap'n Joe," an old man who was rehearsing the news for the benefit of a summer boarder.

"You remember Noel Adams," said he. "Well, he had trouble with his pardner about their schooner. Noel he got the wust of it.

"Jim Dobson has been trying to make his wife take up spiritualism. Didn't succeed very well. He got the wust of it in the end.

"Sam Beckett—you know him that lived with his brother-in-law in that frame house near the p'int—had a fuss about selling the property. Sam got the wust of it."

"All our friends seem to me unfortunate," said the visitor.

"Yep," agreed "Cap'n Joe." "But there ain't any change in the town. The same kind of folks is always getting the wust of it."

"What kind is that?"

"The kind that's willing to take the wust of it."

ELBERT HUBBARD'S DOG.

The School Teacher Turned It Out Although It was Named for Him.

Elbert Hubbard was born in Bloomington, Ill., and a Bloomington man said of him the other day:

"Hubbard and I went to school together when we were little chaps. It was a private school, a kind of kindergarten, and the teacher allowed us a good many liberties. Hubbard had a little puppy dog, and one of the liberties allowed to him was the privilege of bringing in the dog and keeping it at his feet during the session.

"This went on for a week or more. The puppy was quiet at first, but, as it got accustomed to the school, it began to take liberties, to be free, to caper about and bark.

"One morning it disturbed the whole room. It broke up the session altogether. Therefore the teacher said:

"'Elbert, take that dog out, and never bring it in here any more.'

"Hubbard, nearly heartbroken, lifted the puppy up in his arms and went slowly down the aisle. He held its head against his cheek, and, as he departed, looking back reproachfully at the teacher, he said:

"'And it's named after you.'"

Grass for the Queen.

At a children's party at Buckingham palace the other day a little incident occurred which furnished Queen Alexandra, who is very fond of children, with considerable amusement. One of the small people present, a three-year-old son of Lary Lurgan, had a passion for soldiers, and was showing his appreciation for the scarlet-coated military bandsmen who were playing in the garden by picking daisies and presenting them. Presently the queen chanced to pass by, and graciously asked the small boy to give her a daisy. The youngster looked her majesty over, and compared her quiet gown with the gay uniforms he admired, then firmly replied: "No. Grass for you." And handed the queen a tiny handful of grass. The queen went off laughing at the little boy, who was honest enough to show that he preferred bandsmen in red coats to royalty.—N. Y. Times.

He Needed It.

"Amazing are the questions," said Gen. H. C. King, of New York, "that are showered on the unhappy attendants of public museums. In London, one afternoon, I was standing near a museum guardian who wore a military uniform, with a helmet from which a chin strap hung.

"A youth approached the man and said:

"'Would you mind telling me what that strap under your chin is for?'

"'That,' the attendant answered wearily, 'is to rest my jaw when I get tired answering questions.'"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Funston on Valor.

Gen. Funston, at a dinner party, complimented the valor of the Japanese. "Their valor," he said, "is not like that of a certain captain of the past. This captain was about to lead his company into battle. He drew his sword and said, shouting to his men, 'you have a tough struggle before you. Fight like heroes till your ammunition is gone; then run like antelopes. I'm a little lame, so I'll start now.'"—Cincinnati Enquirer.